

The World

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LOOKING TO TUNNEL SAFETY.

The State Railroad Commissioners are preparing to take up the burden of responsibility laid upon them by the enactment of the tunnel light and ventilation law. They begin in Albany to-day a two days' session which is to be given over, it is announced, to the consideration of testimony presented by experts, regarding the utility of different kinds of lights for tunnel illumination. At the close of the Board's session in the State's capital city a time will be appointed for an open meeting at which the railroad companies and other interested parties will have a chance to present arguments, claims and suggestions bearing on the matter.

Of course, the Fourth Avenue Tunnel, in this city, furnishes the chief problems before the Commissioners, and as they desire to hear the case discussed from every point of view, the open meeting will be held in this city, where it will be convenient to all interested parties. At this meeting there should be the fullest possible presentation of facts and ideas, according to arrangements so systematic as to lead to the smallest possible confusion of theories and proven facts.

According to an Albany despatch in another column, it is again frankly admitted by the Commissioners that the recent test of electric lighting in the tunnel was conducted under the Company's auspices, and this is another admission that the experiment cannot be considered as official. No can it be regarded as final. It was misleading from reasons already shown in the report of the tunneling committee, and the lamp of the wrong way. Then, again, it was a test of lighting without ventilating, while experience and common sense demonstrate that ventilation and illumination must go together to secure the sought-for conditions of safety in the tunnel. The Commission should carefully regard this fact, for it bears on Mr. RICKARD's idea, expressed in an interview in the same Albany despatch just referred to, that the Hoosac Tunnel lighting precedent is weakened through the infrequent passage of trains, as compared with the Fourth Avenue Tunnel. The Evening World described on the 9th day of March last how well the St. Louis Tunnel is ventilated for all its many trains, and how its means of ventilation can be made to keep pace with the increase in the number of trains passing through. The Fourth Avenue Tunnel, experts have declared, can be as well ventilated, and the lights, properly placed, will then perform their duty. It is only a question of expense, and the Company's officials have said that is a question they do not mind.

There is no greater spur to the ingenuity of a publican's mind than the excise laws. How to sell liquor when it is forbidden is the problem. A German found one way of doing this by selling around at a picnic and selling marbles at five cents apiece to the thirty people. This was a fancy price for the marble. But he bestowed upon the purchaser a glass of beer. Thus the thirty were satisfied, the law obeyed and the beer man came out ahead. Simple and beautiful scheme!

Impressive ceremonies marked the laying of the corner-stone of St. Joseph's Seminary yesterday at Yonkers. There was also an impressive inability on the part of the elevated road, and the New York and Northern to handle the vast crowd which tried to go to the spot.

A probable Democratic majority of one is reported in Arizona's Constitutional Convention. This is a case of one-man power very happily exercised.

A captive bear broke loose in a Lancaster jeweler's shop and broke up all the clocks and watches. It was Bruin's way of killing time.

The Sunday saloon law was violated early in the morning at Camden yesterday. Burglars opened a barroom and took out the safe.

The last slave sold in New Haven is dead. Oldest things and last things pass away every day, but there isn't even the beginning of an end of things.

Nobody has been heard to complain vociferously because the Itala escaped.

Everything at Central Park was open yesterday, except the Museum of Art.

SPOTLETS.

A turtle with a year carved on his back must feel that he is a "back number."

The man who covers his jugular takes a short cut to the other side.

Butcher, the bogus divorce lawyer, was an un-luckier of matrimonial suits.

Some young men are going to hold a strawberry festival. It is much easier to hold a strawberry than a festival.

He wanted the lady like the rest of his kind. He was talked as a trooper rather. He was a bit of a trooper rather. He was a bit of a trooper rather.

Goodness knows to know if all the squabbles and wars over unimportant matters are by Lord Churchman.

It is no reflection on a dentist for him "to have a pull."

Some men find it just as hard to pass a real bill, that is unprotected, as they would a counterfeit one.

The masses in a Catholic church are on both sides of the communion rail.

Some say she likes Maillet's sweats better than Tushkevich's.

SAVE THE BABIES.

Every Dollar Helps to Rescue a Little Life.

With Warm Weather Comes Pestilence and Death.

Help to Start the Free Doctors on Their Tour.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS:

The Evening World..... \$100.00
Returned from previous fund..... 27.18
Previously acknowledged..... 4.18
A Friend of the Poor..... 2.00
Miss Clark..... 2.00
Missie James..... 2.00

If the Fall weather of yesterday were to continue through the Summer there would be less disease among the little folks. But that is not to be expected even in this most erratic of climates. The days will be sweltering and close and the children of the tenement-houses will be assailed by the usual horde of diseases incidental to the heated room.

Lend a helping hand to these unfortunate. The Free Doctors' Fund is open and awaiting your name. Help to supply medicine to sick babies, and a few of those delicate which sweeten the hardship of a sick-room. If it be only a trifle that you can bestow do not hesitate to give that. Hundreds of small contributions make a sum which will procure considerable relief.

There should be no need of great urging in this cause. When it occurs to the mind how painful a season Summer proves to these little children, no further arguments should be necessary to stir a warm heart to generosity towards them. Do your share towards mitigating so much suffering.

THE CLEANER.

I saw a first-class girl, coming from Hoboken, apparently, as she was in the stream of passengers coming up from the ship, who had a handful of small buttercups tucked into her dress. There was something sweetly rustic about this, because they looked as if they had been plucked by the girl's own hand from the field or perhaps, a little garden. This is not the kind of impression you get from seeing a girl with an American Beauty planted to her jacket.

Yesterday was a Fall day and as beautiful as they make. The sky looked as if it had been washed and there was an edge on the air that was a good appetizer. No wonder people were out walking.

I see they have begun to clean up the Post Office. It will be a giant task to go over the whole of the immense surface and renovate the granite. It hardly seems necessary either. Weathered granite is as handsome as the brand-new stone, just fresh from the quarry. It always looks raw and cold in this fresh newness.

Julius Harburger, the energetic little clerk of the Fourth District Civil Court, is an ardent American who loves of course to express his love in every occasion when opportunity offers, to score decedent Anarchists, Nihilists and other disciples of disorder. He did so yesterday in a speech at Testonia Assembly Rooms in reply to the toast "Our Country," at the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Aaron Lodge, Free Sons of Israel. Mr. Harburger is First Grand Master of the Order in the United States.

I hear that Mr. Otto Bacher has taken a country house in a delightful nook which he has discovered, and will spend the whole Summer there with his family. This is about as sensible a thing as an artist can do. He has the trouble to find a spot suited to artistic eye which will not be overrun with the Summer tourists and city people.

That is a very wise move the Fire Commissioners have made in the matter of utilizing one of the old buildings of Castle Garden for the housing of the Bureau of Fire. It is attached to the great New York City. In connection with one of the New York City's crew yesterday I learned that though sleeping quarters are provided in this monster fire-engine house, the crew are unable to utilize them, because dampness from the machinery renders them dangerous to life.

I hear that the Police Commissioners are seriously thinking of transferring Capt. Cortwright from his present luxurious quarters in the West One Hundred and Fifty-second street station to one of the downtown precincts. Certain friends of the manly Capt. Cortwright like to see him change places with Capt. McAvoy in the Twenty-second Precinct, and it is said that Capt. Cortwright would not oppose the change.

A newspaper man who wears more medals to the square inch on his breast than a Crimean warrior is Adj. Jimmy Frost, financial editor of the Boston Globe. He was captain and manager of the American fifteen men who got away with so many prizes at the international shoot at Wimbledon a few years ago. Adj. Frost dropped into THE EVENING WORLD office a day or two ago, but he didn't have his medals with him. It is only when on dress parade that James adorns himself. His duties as financial editor of the Globe brings him to the metropolis as often as twice a month. He affects the Windsor Hotel clique of bulls and bears.

Mr. Croker is here. And now, to fill the vacancies in office, Mayor Grant.

Did You

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla? If not, we respectfully urge you to try it this Spring. This is the season when nearly everybody needs a good medicine to purify the blood, cleanse the system of the winter's accumulation of impurities, and put the whole body in good condition for the summer. Such universal satisfaction has

Hood's Sarsaparilla

given for this purpose that we feel warranted in saying that it is the most successful and most popular purifying medicine. If you feel weak and tired, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what you need to restore your strength and make you feel perfectly well.

I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for a Spring medicine and am convinced that it has done me good." Geo. C. Wood, Fort Plain, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

There is a Difference.

He was riding on the rear platform of a Bleeker street car when a man who wanted to alight left against him and courteously apologized for it.

"How nice that is!" said the passenger to the conductor: "that's one thing I always liked New York for—its civility."

"Yes, everybody is pretty civil here," replied the bell-rope agitator.

"Of course they are. If I was home and just coming out of Taylor's grocery, and Sam Henderson was just going in, and we met in the door, do you know what he'd say?"

"No, sir."

"Why, instead of begging my pardon, as that gent did, he'd push right ahead and yell out: 'Gent Davis, you got yer infernal carcass out of that door or I'll smash yer all to squash!'"

Perfectly Satisfactory.

A Newark passenger on a yellow car had handed the conductor his nickel, when the latter returned it with:

"Excuse me, but I don't like to take this; don't fancy the feel of it."

"Oh, that's straight enough; but here's another."

"This is a bad one, too," said the conductor, as he scrutinized it. "I can tell a lead nickel by the greasy feel of it."

"Ah! I see. Look here!"

And he pulled out of his pocket about a dollar in small change, together with a toothbrush, a cake of soap, a buttonhook, two hairpins, a picture book, a spoon of thread and a paper of pins.

"Been moving, you know," he explained, as the conductor viewed the collection.

"Cert. Been there myself," was the reply, as he hung up the fare and pocketed the coin.

Nearing the End.

"Can I do anything for you to-day?" asked a Grand street clothing dealer of a young man who stopped at his door.

"Nothing in particular. See this suit? I bought it here six weeks ago."

"Are you sure?"

"Dead, sure, but I'm not going to kick. See how it has shrunk? Some men would rip and tear, and blast your eyes, but that's not me. You didn't guarantee this suit to stand a change of climate, and I wore it up to Troy, and stayed there four days."

"I see the dye has run."

"Exactly. Crooked my hands all up a black and blue color, as if I had been mashing blackberries, but you didn't warrant it fast color. You didn't warn me not to walk six miles in a rain storm."

"No."

"See how the buttons have come off? It isn't your fault, though. You didn't guarantee that they were sewed on with a waxed thread."

"Of course not."

"See how the coat ripped up the back? I got a harness-maker up in Harlem to put in a few stitches, but I'm not kicking about that. You didn't tell me not to try to board a freight train and get slung seventeen feet high."

"No."

"Paid you \$9 for the suit. It was a regular \$18 suit, but to boom the Spring trade you cut the price in two. Such action showed enterprise and liberality on your part, and I hope your Spring trade boomed like a bar of hornets."

"Yes, I had a good trade," replied the puzzled dealer. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Just a trifle. I want one of your photographs if you have one handy. I want to keep it with me as the face of an honest, conscientious man."

"But I have none."

"Then I'll endeavor to imprint your phiz on the walls of memory instead. She is imprinted. Let us shake hands and say farewell. You are an upright man and I am no knicker. Good-by."

He went away bowing and smiling and waving his hand, and the dealer looked after him and whispered:

"Let's see. I wonder if to-day is the date predicted by that Indiana fellow for the world to come to an end?" M. QUAD.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

The high or sailing collar and full-topped sleeves are especial favorites of slender women, also the full-fronted basques, coat and jacket basques, round and yoke waists, bertha trimmings, frill on the edge of bodices and the much-trimmed effects now in vogue for bouquies in general.

Crushed shells of nightgowns' eggs is a luxury in fashion indulged in by the fashionable just back from Paris.

The serpent is well to the fore in all the season's decorations, and slinky together laced trimmings play an important part in jet and gold trimmings, which are only too frequently covered with every kind of colored snake coiled together, as if offing against good taste. Cats-eyes are the newest ideas in stoles and tiaras with either gold or black, which are the dominant ideas. Steel, however, once more is beginning to assert itself strongly, and many handsome black gowns are being trimmed with steel trimmings, galleons or detached pieces.

Mrs. O'Shea has been seriously ill. The report that she had gone over to Paris by the way, untrue. In consequence of her illness and of a medical certificate to the effect that she was not in a fit state to bear any more of the going away from home, the custody of the children from her has been allowed to remain in sequestration.

The Women's London Gardening Association has the following advertisement in the English newspapers: "A few ladies are about to start in business as contractors for the care of London conservatories, window-boxes, balconies and small gardens by the year, season or month. The ladies will attend to all orders, employing a man only for digging and for conveying soil. A. Unless wishes were expressed to the contrary a lady would call once a week to attend to conservatories, valuable plant rooms, etc. The ladies would like directions as to what should be done in their absence, if anything were required. Persons who close their town houses when the season is over will be enabled to have their plants taken care of at the premises of the association."

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Miss Minerva Parker, the young Philadelphia architect, has her hands full of work. She has just completed a large macaroni factory and several houses. She has the contract for the new club-house of the New Century Club, a principal woman's club of Philadelphia, which is to contain a large auditorium, besides reception-rooms, class-rooms, lunch-room, and kitchen.

The heart of Alexander Comstock should be rejoiced. He is a free man, and that's what he wanted. He has just been released from the New York City Jail, where he was held for the performance with a great deal of interest. Saturday afternoon there were two hundred children in his audience.

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NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Many Dramatic People Arranging for Their "Summer Snaps."

"Paul Jones" Company Sails for England—The Latest "Cleopatra."

All the members of the "Paul Jones" company returned to England Saturday with the exception of Agnes Huntington, the star, who sails on the 27th inst. Marcus Mayer, her manager, leaves at the same time. Mr. Mayer says that the "Paul Jones" people are going to the beach, and are highly delighted with America. Miss Huntington will return next season, but it is by no means certain. She will play an engagement in the English provinces and open in London in January, if the new theatre, at which she is to appear, is ready. If it be not ready she will come to America, and will play at the Huntington, if she returns, will present a repertoire of three operas, including "Paul Jones," a novelty, and an old favorite.

The latest Cleopatra is to be a beautiful maiden, to fortune and to fame unknown, named Cleopatra. She is a beautiful girl, and is to appear for a Summer snap as Cleopatra, Juliet, Rosalind and so forth. Creston Clark, who is somebody's nephew (Edwin Booth's, by the by), is to appear as Cleopatra, and is to be the Marc Antony, Romeo, Orlando, and the so forth.

Sydney Rosenfeld and Gus Thomas are writing a play for Lord Godwin to be ready for the Spring. Mr. Godwin will next season devote himself to "The Nonpareil," with an exceptionally grand cast. He is now in New York, waiting for the arrival of his manager.

Joseph Haworth is considering "Frederic Lemaitre," the play that Clyde Fitch wrote for Felix Morris. Mr. Kenda has bought the English rights.

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